



*Lenox*

*by George A.  
Hibbard*

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*Lenox*

*American  
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*Lenox.* By GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

With Illustrations by W. S. VAN-  
DERBILT ALLEN.

\* \* \* Each 12mo. Cloth. Price, 75 cents





*One of the Drives*

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS

---

*L E N O X*

BY ✓

GEORGE A. HIBBARD



ILLUSTRATED BY

W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN



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NEW YORK MDCCCXCVI

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## LENOX

THAT artless lady who has been known to the world for such a long time because of her famous wonder as to how it happened that large rivers always ran past large towns, and who commented favorably upon such an advantageous arrangement of things, might have wondered as to the "why" of Lenox. She might have wondered, perhaps, but it would almost seem that, in this case, in spite of her engaging intellectual misadjustments, she must have put the horse before the cart, and announced that Lenox "was" for the simple reason that nature had fitted it so to be. Granted literally the "premises," the hills and the lakes, and the place that has grown up, is, as it were, an inevitable logical conclusion.

*Lenox* There are many who do not care for the mountains, and there are many who do not willingly seek the sea, and to these Lenox offers a perfect mean.

There is a number of other reasons for the continuance and the permanence of Lenox, but it is safe to say that its "first cause" was, or that its "first causes" were, the changing country, the woods with the frequent, fragrant clumps of pine, and the sky across which the clouds drifted so serenely day after day. Of Newport, of Bar Harbor, of the North Shore, and of Lenox, the last is the only one without the sea, and this, of course, is the chief characteristic in which it differs from the others, and, with such a difference, the dissimilarity must be very great. Where the sea is there is unrest, and at all the others it is impossible to escape the consciousness of the ever-changing, all-absorbing ocean. But at Lenox that disturbing element is wholly absent, and there is, above all else, a sense of peace and calm that is missing at the first three.

Indeed, it may be written that the first and the lasting impression made by Lenox is one of quietness and rest, and there are other reasons for this besides the absence of the luring and troubling waste of waters. *Lenox*

Lenox, almost more than any of the other three places, seems to have the air of having always "been." Newport may be as old, but the Newport that is now known—the characteristic Newport—seems much newer, for Lenox in some mysterious way has gathered up something of the old life, and has carried it on and made it a part of the new, and this feeling of continuation certainly tends to make it the reposeful abiding place it is. Lenox, as Mr. Henry James says in his "Life of Hawthorne," has "suffered the process of lionization," but it has more gently or more skillfully shaded into what it is now than the rest which have left more behind. One does not think of it as having been "discovered" as Bar Harbor was discovered, well within the memory of even the middle-aged diner-out.

*Lenox* Society was represented, and gracefully represented, at Lenox, years ago in many a great, white, elm-shaded house. It seems that there never can have been anything crude about it at any time. The famous Bar Harbor story of the "summer boarder" who asked his landlord if he should put his boots outside his door, and was promptly informed that there was not the slightest danger that "anybody would tech 'em," is a tale that could never conceivably have been told of Lenox.

The Berkshire seems always to have been civilized, and indeed it is an old country. The ancient houses and the good roads prove this—those good Berkshire roads to which we Americans can always turn with assurance, when taunted by our English friends—as our English friends will *sometimes* taunt us—with the condition of our common highways. And indeed these Lenox roads are blessings that must be appreciated by anyone who has driven much in other parts of the country. The relief that is afforded by

*Sedgwick  
Hall*





the knowledge that before him lie miles of firm, sure ways, is very comfortable, and freedom from constant thought of his horses, enables him to enjoy the more fully the glorious country that rolls about him. And what a land it is! It would seem that no fault could be found with the Berkshire scenery, and the only fault ever found with it that came within the notice of the writer, was one of surfeit rather than of any lack of satisfaction. But if there is any difficulty with the Berkshire landscape, it is in the number of its brooks. Two, three, or half a dozen are all very well, but when, in effect, they seem endless, and everyone apparently more delightful than the others, it is different. You start into quick enthusiasm at the sight of the first, tumbling clear and cool over its rocky bed—here in quiet pools catching reflected gleams of color—there breaking over scattered rocks into flaky foam. You are charmed by the second and decidedly interested in the third. But you cannot keep it up. Power of admiration is al-

*Lenox*



*Lenox* most lost and your superlatives quite exhausted. There was once upon a time, an impressionable but easily wearied mortal, who was heard to remark, after he had been taken for a Berkshire drive, that he was "*blasé* on brooks."

But though the Berkshires are often called, in a general way, *Lenox*, still *Lenox* is by no manner of means the Berkshires. *Lenox* is something quite separate and independent and different. It is a distinct locality and the centre of the life round about. *Lenox* was a place of considerable importance before it became a place of great importance, but of an importance of a different kind. It was a very distinguished, self-respecting New England village before it became the "smart" place, with more or less "swagger" attributes, that it is to-day. The traditions, however, of its former state still abide, and influence and color its present condition. The Congregational Church was a good deal of a building for the New England of the latter part of the







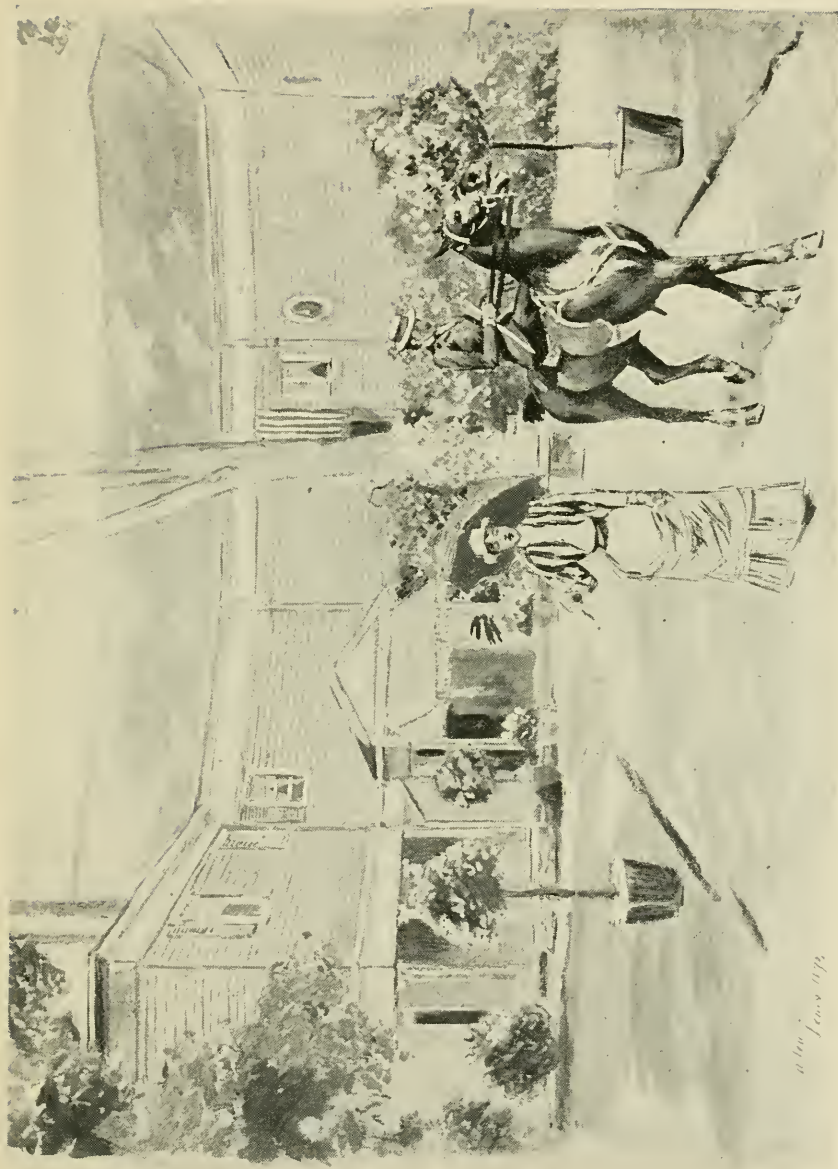
last century, though it is a "far cry" from *Lenox* it to the latest palace-cottage; but the older still exists, at least holds its own, and will not be put down. Indeed it may be said that Lenox—the village—is old, and that what is new, lies, for the most part, about it. Along the wide main street there are many houses in which dwell the temporary sojourners; but they are almost all of an earlier date, or have been made over to fit modern requirements.

When approaching from the north, as the visitor generally approaches Lenox, it is only after he has driven through the wide main street, after the actual village is passed, that there comes the first full realization of all that has made the place what it is. There may have been glimpses along the Pittsfield road of roofs and porticos, but nothing to give any idea of the glories to follow. The chief memory of this approach to Lenox will be of a gateway standing at the beginning of a grass-grown drive that turns aside from the main

*Lenox* highway. There are flanking supports against which the weeds bend and over which the boughs droop, and through the iron traceries of the gate itself there appears a dark verdancy that is melancholy and impressive. It is a gateway that offers great suggestion of possible romance. The imagination may wander through it into all sorts of things, and if it has no history it ought to have one, and anybody who has been properly brought up upon solid English fiction of the country-family sort, with lots of ghosts in it, will at once proceed to make one after his own heart. But this gateway is almost all that is in the least unkempt about Lenox, and it is perhaps for this reason that it has hung, as the writer has discovered, in the memories of many others besides himself.

All in Lenox is tended, trim, and tidy. The usual neatness of a New England village is apparent everywhere, and more too, for there are park-like innovations in the way of care that are lacking in many other Massachusetts townlets. And this

A  
Court-yard



W. J. Fox



guarded regard for appearance is still another thing that gives Lenox its air of repose, to come back to the quality to which one must be always returning who speaks of Lenox at all. There are other streets than the one main street—streets running from it at various slanting angles, and on some of them the first country houses begin. But it is when you go a little farther into the open toward the south and west that the largest “places” are to be found. And large is the word that best describes them. They are large—larger in reality or in seeming, than the other “villas” of other places. Great structures they are, of wood and of stone, ornate and severe, Queen Anne—although Queen Anne may at last be said to be dead—colonial and, so to speak, composite—reminiscent, but all of them evidently pearls of price, and many the results of an immense expenditure. Crassus is understood to have said with a fine scorn, that he alone could be called rich who could support an army ; but for practical modern

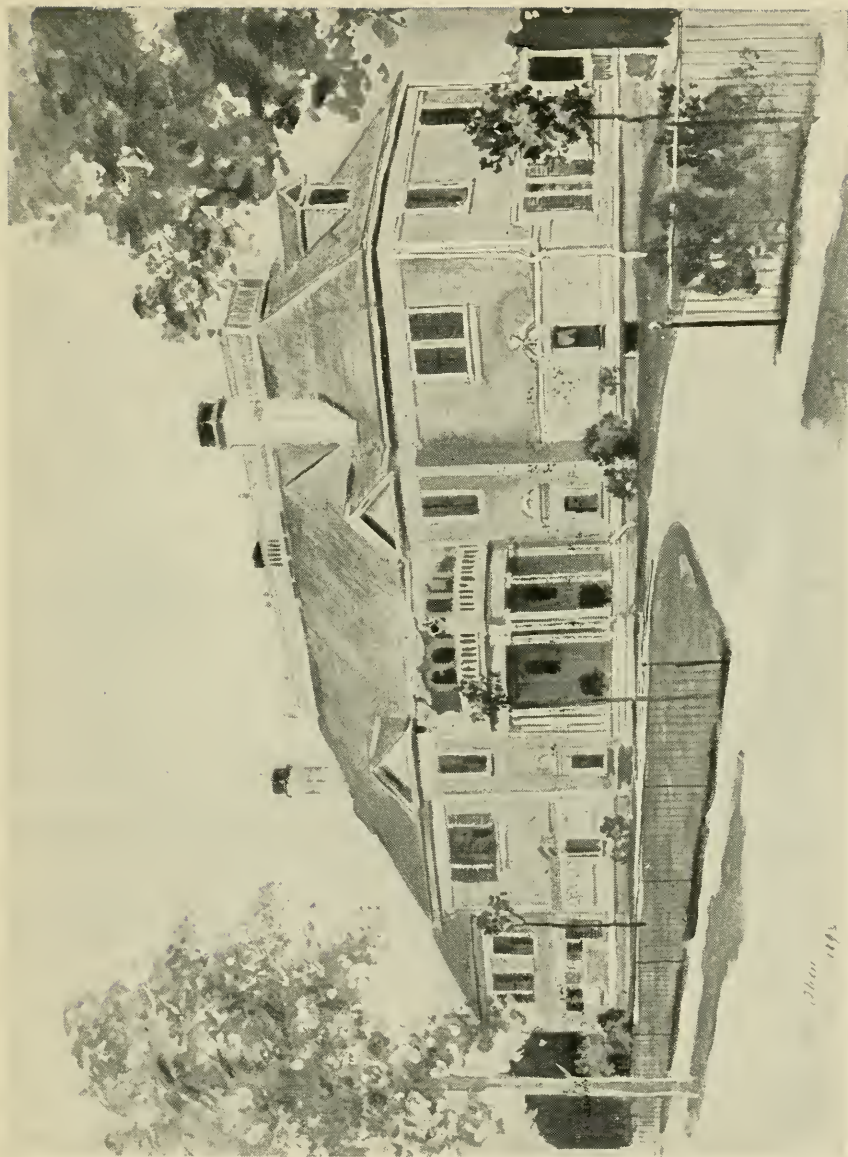


*Lenox* purposes the construction and maintenance of one of these great Lenox abodes might well be taken by the richest of the Romans as a test, and even as a rather severe standard of wealth. There are not only two or three, but there is a considerable number of them, and that number is growing every year. The land which once was valued for its possibilities in raising potatoes, holds quite a different price when its worth is determined by its adaptability for raising palaces. There are strange stories of the sudden appreciation in price of old farms all through this part of the country, but there are no more marvellous tales told anywhere than those recounted of the advance of Lenox real estate. Tens have been used as multipliers, and now almost all the best land is "out of the market."

There are two lakes—the Stockbridge Bowl, or Lake Mackeenac, and Laurel Lake—about which the country houses are chiefly gathered; but it is on the east side of the Bowl, and up and down and



One  
of the  
"Places"



2400 1878



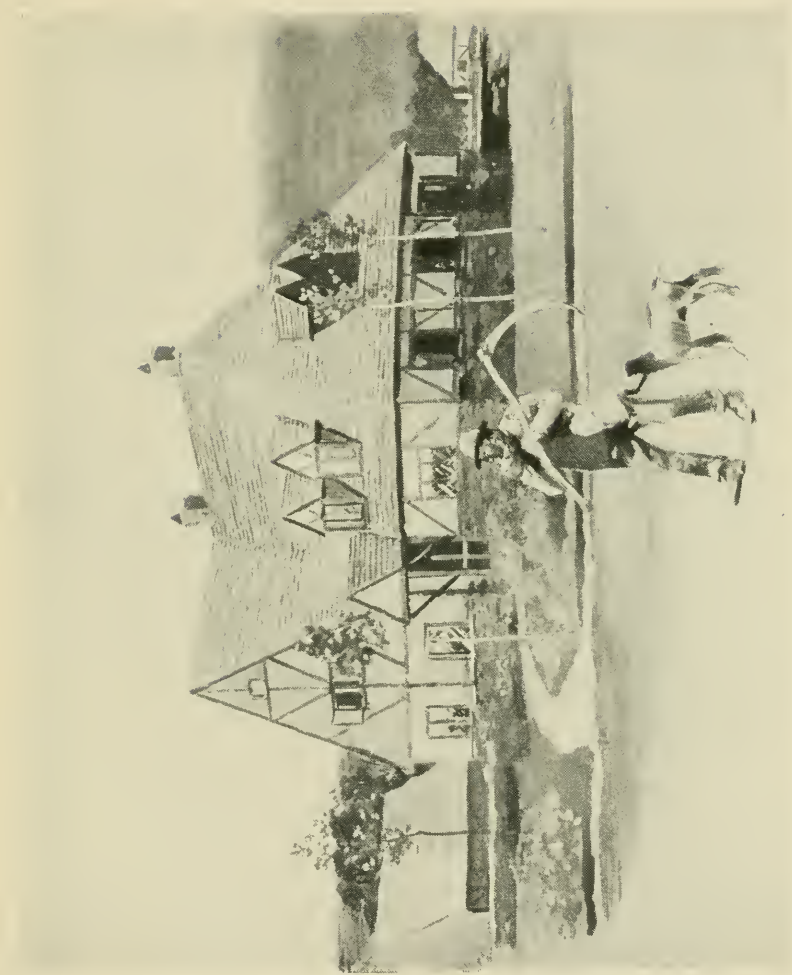
around its ends, that perhaps the largest and finest are to be found. There are others between the Bowl and Laurel Lake, and all around the latter, but then there are country houses everywhere in this land—on nearly every good spot, and sometimes, so anxious are people for “places,” on spots that are not so good. The new-comer is shown these, one after another, with the mention of some familiar contemporaneous name, and gradually he becomes very much mixed up, or else the houses do, and, in retrospect, he sees vague conglomerate shapes never dreamt of by any respectable architect, or, if so dreamt, then in a nightmare in which the *porte cochere* of one millionaire is put upon the spreading wing of another, and the stack of chimneys from the dwelling of this magnate upon the sloping roofs of that. He asks is this the place of So-and-So only to be told that it is the cottage of Some-One-Else, and it requires days before he can get them sorted out. Then how proud he is, and how glibly,

Lenox

*Lenox* by way of testing his information, he hastens to inform his informant, with still a slight questioning inflection, it is true, but with almost a tone of proprietorship.

But in connection with "places," there is one experience that is peculiar and in a measure significant. It is very distinctly within the memory of the writer that, having been driven, one gray afternoon, along miles of road that lie around and among the well-kept grounds that surround many a great country house, and after having had these costly structures, as it were, paraded before his eyes, he was driven along a road that ran upon the crest of a hill, on one side of which were fields that extended down a sharp declivity. Between the fence and the beginning of the descent there was a small plateau, on which the weeds waved in the freshening evening breeze. There, in the field, was what at first appeared hardly more than a somewhat pronounced inequality in the ground. It was only upon looking more closely

*A Model  
Farm  
Building*





that it was possible to discover a number of stones arranged in what seemed irregular heaps. They were moss-covered, and the grass had grown up so tall and thick that they could hardly be distinguished at all. "That was Hawthorne's house," he was told. It was noticeable that the interest with which this ragged remnant of an abode was indicated, differed but little in its expression from the manner and tone with which some great villa had been brought to notice. And, indeed, that sad little cairn is one of the "show places" of Lenox, as much as any proud residence on the shore of either lake. It may be that this is because of our pathetic American craving for anything picturesque—that feeling that leads us to make the most of the slightest Revolutionary relic, and feel the pulse of our emotions as we gaze upon any vestige of a scarcely vanished past. It may be because of this, but it is true that even in this so-called materialistic age, and in this place where materialism may be said to offer one of its finest and



*Lenox* most luxurious displays, the remains of the "small red house" are, and long will be, distinguishable and distinguished.

Hawthorne came to Lenox in 1850, and remained there only until the autumn of 1851, and there is hardly anything of the charm of age, or long continuance in place, to give his presence there its still abiding influence. But he lived there; there wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," and there imparted to the place an enduring interest that has something of the charm peculiar to himself. Fredrika Bremer, writing from the New World, and from Lenox at the time when the Hawthornes were there, speaks of the prospect from the small dwelling: "Immediately in front of Hawthorne's house lies one of those small, clear lakes, with its sombre margin of forest which characterize this district, and Hawthorne seems greatly to enjoy the view of it and the wildly wooded country." She adds, after spending an evening at the house: "His amiable wife is inexpressibly happy to see him



so happy here. A smile, a word, conveys *Lenox* more to her than long speeches from other people. She reads his very soul,—and ‘he is the best of husbands.’”

It was about 1833 that Mrs. Kemble brought herself and her fame to the Berkshires, and became very directly associated with *Lenox* in the minds of all. She came there first for a visit—and she stayed, off and on, for thirty years—stayed on as many another has stayed, who at first had no such intention.

Mrs. Kemble always felt about *Lenox* very strongly, and wrote about it very warmly. Again, to quote Mr. James, although the words are not from the book mentioned before: “Late in life she looked upon this region as an Arcadia, a happy valley, a land of woods and waters and upright souls.” A description that she has given conveys an excellent idea of a characteristic *Lenox* scene. Writing from New York in 1838, she says: “Immediately sloping before me, the green hillside, on the summit of which stands

*Lenox* the house I am inhabiting, sinks softly down to a small valley filled with a rich, thick wood, in the centre of which a little jewel-like lake lies dreaming. Beyond this valley the hills rise one above another to the horizon, where they scoop the sky with a broken, irregular outline, that the eye dwells on with ever new delight, as its colors glow and vary with the ascending or descending sunlight and all the shadowy procession of the clouds. In one direction, this undulating line of distance is overtopped by a considerable mountain, with a fine jagged crest, and ever since early morning troops of clouds, and wandering showers of rain, and the all-prevailing sunbeams have chased each other over the wooded slopes, and down into the dark hollow where the lake lies sleeping, making a pageant far finer than the one Prospero raised for Ferdinand and Miranda on his desert island."

There are drives about Lenox—drives without end and in all directions, but there is no "drive." That is, there is no place

*Forming  
the  
Flower  
Parade*





where "society" gathers with its equipages, for purposes of display, and where is held, as is so often the case in other places all the world over, a sort of informal "dress parade." There is no spot where you can go with the absolute certainty of seeing "every one," or where you can ascertain from day to day how "everybody" is looking, or who happens to be with whom — or who doesn't. In localities where society gathers there is usually such a "drive," and a daily appearance in it is something of a necessity, but Lenox does not seem to suffer from the lack of it.

There is a great deal of driving, but it is done all over, for there is no direction in which there are not good roads, and hardly one where there are not good views. You may meet the smartest sort of a trap spinning along through some secluded wood, or making its way over the spur of some remote hill. There are all kinds of vehicles, from the most stately coach to the tiniest village cart in which children drive a pony hardly larger than a

*Lenox* dog and quite as reliable ; and it is safe to say that driving rather than riding is the feature of the place. There is a great deal of riding, but it is rather of the park order, and not of that steady, business-like, soul-absorbing sort that is to be found where more "cross-country" work is possible. With the broken and often precipitous nature of the land there is little chance for "popping" over a fence and having a run on the grass, and equestrians generally keep sedately along the roads. This condition of things naturally has for result the displacement of "horse" from the proud and commanding position it generally holds as a subject for conversation. You do talk horse and you do hear horse talked at Lenox, for where now, even if one so desired, is it possible to escape it? But it is not with the detail and variety and vigor with which the subject is treated at Hempstead, say, or in the Genesee Valley—or even at Newport.

And just as there is no particularly recognized "drive" in which society must



show itself, so there seems to be no specified "hour" at which the display should come off. Society may be found abroad, as it may be everywhere else, in the afternoon—in the late afternoon—but there is no compulsion about this, and "all Lenox" is rarely seen together anywhere or at any time. One must not forget, however, one manifestation of "horse"—although "horse" is subordinate—that is or was quite peculiar to Lenox. Its annual "Flower Parade" has been tried elsewhere but with what was only a very mild success when it was not a dismal failure. At Lenox there seem to have been some constituent qualities that have enabled this ceremony literally to flourish for a number of years, although now it certainly shows signs of a declining vogue.

There is a great deal of walking, for the country is most admirably fitted for it, and the grounds of the greater number of the big places are not forbidden to the world. It is very pleasant to stroll leisurely along the spring floor of yielding needles under

*Lenox* the spreading pine-woods, and to breathe the cool, aromatic air; and it is very pleasant, when you have convinced yourself that you are tired, to sit upon some stone about which the moss has disposed itself with wonderful effectiveness, and watch one of the multitudinous brown brooks go tumbling past. But this is not the walking in which the enthusiasts usually indulge. They are off for tramps "over the hills and far away," and talk of miles covered and the number of minutes in which they have been done.

It formerly could have been said that, on the water, *Lenox* did not disport itself at all. The larger of the Lakes—the Stockbridge Bowl—is not really large enough for sailing, and it was seldom that even a rowboat was seen upon it. Of course people went upon the lakes, but it was not a practice that formed an essential part of the *Lenox* life. The creation of the Mackeenac Boat Club and the erection of the boathouse are quite recent affairs. Now there is much more done in





*Boating on  
Stockbridge  
Bowl*



the way of boating than there once was, *Lenox*  
but, still, Lenox cannot be said to be  
aquatic.

The peculiar time of the "Lenox season," in great measure, prescribes the conditions of its life. The people who have gone to Europe in May, returned in July for a stay at Bar Harbor that may extend into the first week of August, and then have hurried on to Newport, generally bring up in Lenox in late September and early October. That is the proper manner in which to end the summer ; and, as everyone knows, Lenox in the early autumn is at its gayest. Much happens during the earlier months, and there are very many charming people there who do delightful things, but it is in September and October that the "crowd" comes and every one "rushes" more or less madly for a short time. All the resources of society are drawn upon to the utmost and all its powers put in play. Then there are teas and dinners and small dances and large balls, as well as all the miscellaneous

*Lenox* amusements of the gay world, from picnics to private theatricals. In October it is no longer summer, and there is much that is not done outdoors. Indeed, there is more indoor entertainment than out in Lenox in the season, and with the early evenings you drive to a dinner with something of the feeling of the town.

There are often rainy days, and what days they are in a huge country-house, with a large and active house-party ! The rain beats against the panes, but it beats a lively tattoo for mustering jollity. There is laughter indoors and there are many devices for passing the time. A house-party is the mother of invention, and the schemes that can be devised by a dozen bright young people, thrown together for even a short time, are very various. There are games and "parlor tricks" without end, and always those skirmishings of boy or girl, or man and woman, that happens just now in the English language to be called "flirtation"—not such a very old word, and one at the making of which

Lord Chesterfield says he assisted personally, as it "dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world"—the mouth, it may be presumed, of "beautiful Molly Lepell."

"House-parties" are not confined, it is true, to Lenox, but the great size of the houses there makes them very common and very constant, and it was at Lenox, as much, if not more than anywhere else, that the practice of bringing a lot of people under the same roof,—a practice taken from the other side, and with the changing conditions of American society now acclimatized or naturalized—at first found fitting opportunity for introduction.

As Lenox has no prescribed "drive" nor "hour," so it has no central and acknowledged gathering place. It has no Casino and no Kebo Valley Club. But such places are not really needed. In Lenox the season is much shorter than at either Newport or Bar Harbor, and the time is well filled up with private entertainments. Indeed, it is sometimes rather

*Lenox* too well filled up, and the pleasure of seeing the place must be foregone for the delights of seeing the people. It is often very gay, the people seem anxious to make the best of what must be the last of the country before they "go to town."

The question of "cottage" life or "hotel" life has never agitated *Lenox*, because of a rather peculiar condition of affairs. The huge caravansaries that are continually springing up elsewhere have never appeared here. There is one hotel and only one—and this, in great measure, is an institution, and has become an important part of *Lenox*. Its fame is not by any means local. "Curtis's" is known not only in this country but has been mentioned in others. It is a big, old structure rising on the main street at the very centre of things, across the way from its only possible rival in general consideration, the post-office, of which more must be said presently. Of late years it has received an addition—a wing in which is the dining-room; and there may be found at the breakfast hour









many who are well known in clubland and ballroomdom. There, are single men, the "overflow of house-parties," and there, are the heads of families living in cottages rented near by, who come to the hotel for the meals of the day, which generally are not supplied with the houses. And there, are matrons and maids and fresh young children who would certainly disprove the objection to their kind made long ago by the Germans, that they never satisfy the æsthetic. There are generally to be found, as the season draws toward its close, the emissaries of other countries who have been the rounds and who are now completing the summer before returning to Washington.

Almost every one whom "one knows" has been there ; and it is curious to bring "Curtis's" to the recollection of some woman no longer young and to see how quickly the name vivifies many glimmering memories. It was there that Such and Such a one was first met, and such and such a thing was once done ; and, if

*Lenox* you will seek a little farther, you may find that the spot is dear to her for other memories, and that as often as not some love-affair has been played out about and within those walls of which she still thinks tenderly. It is difficult not to be personal, and in this one case it is perhaps permissible to be so. The host has so much to do with the fame of the hostelry, that as a public character, it may be possible to speak of him without too great indiscretion. It was once the fortune of the writer to assist at an interview between a very celebrated and distinguished personage indeed and the potentate of Curtis's, and surely, the graciousness of royalty was never better manifested than in the meeting of these powers.

Across the street, or, more accurately, at an angle on a near corner, stands, as has been said, the only real competitor of "Curtis's" for popular consideration. It also is an "institution," and holds a position of singular importance. There, sooner or later, you seem always to "bring

up," and twice and even thrice in a day *Lenox*  
you may find yourself at this point of interest. Every one goes there, and there, at one time or another between morning and evening, you may be pretty sure of meeting every one you know. The character of a "post-office" is really lost, and the place has become almost a resort of society. If it be quite safe to say so, it partakes of the nature of a "social exchange," and is a cross between a "Casino" and, in its informality of access and general sociability, of the "country store." One who once tarried in Lenox—after having been taken to the post-office three times in one day where he saw many partings and meetings and heard many matters thoroughly discussed—was heard to remark that he considered the office of post-master in Lenox the most desirable social position in the United States, and announced his intention, as he was naturally of a gregarious disposition, of immediately applying for the position.

It is at Sunday noon that the post-office

*Lenox* appears in all its glory. When church is over, the greater number of worshippers seem to turn in the direction of the small low building on the corner ; and so large is the throng making way thither that, at *Lenox*, there really is a regular weekly "church parade." On the sidewalk, before the mail is opened, and while it is being distributed, there is often quite a crowd, and conversation is most lively and interesting. There, you may hear all that has been and much that is going to be, and from this informal congress you may come away a thoroughly informed person, wholly supplied with all the knowledge that will be necessary for use in the social world for the following week at least. There are other centres in other places that may be of equal consequence in the life of those dwelling in them, but in *Lenox* it is safe to say that all roads lead to the post-office, and that it has a focal value that is not often found.

There is a club at *Lenox*, a regular "man's" club ; and it is a very delightful,

*The  
Post-office,  
Sunday  
Morning's  
Mail*





although not a very large affair. You go *Lenox* to it and hear of it, but there is a quietness about it that gives it a charm that many clubs lack. The spirit of Lenox life seems even to have influenced it, and there you find a dignified seclusion and a leisurely restfulness that, to say the least, are unusual and very delightful. It is an idyl of club life, and quite different from its counterpart of the town. Indeed, all through Lenox there is a strange mingling of the sylvan and the urban. You may have the pleasures and relaxations of the country, but you need not necessarily be uncomfortable ; and you are not obliged to abandon the perfected resources of civilization while enjoying them. As in a good specimen of landscape gardening there are often simplicity and a simulated wildness, so in the formalities of Lenox life there are always refreshing bits and surprises of nature, and much is gained by the contrasts.

Lenox never seems to have passed through any uncertain or tentative state.



*Lenox* Progress has not been so sudden or so sensational as in several other popular "resorts," but it has been very steady, and to-day Lenox is more popular and famous than at any other time in its history. And it is pretty safe to say that its glory will never decrease. It is too firmly established in the regard of many to make it likely that there will be any lessening in the number or fervor of its devotees. Then, too, with so much there already, it is almost a necessary consequence that there should be more. With so much already "put into the country" it seems certain that more will continually be expended, and that where there are so many "vested interests" nothing can ever really be disturbed. But there are interests that more firmly than any pecuniary ones must make Lenox a lasting reality. It has a place in the minds and hearts of hundreds who have known it, and there are few who have once felt its subtle charm who have been able or have cared to escape its gently coercive power.

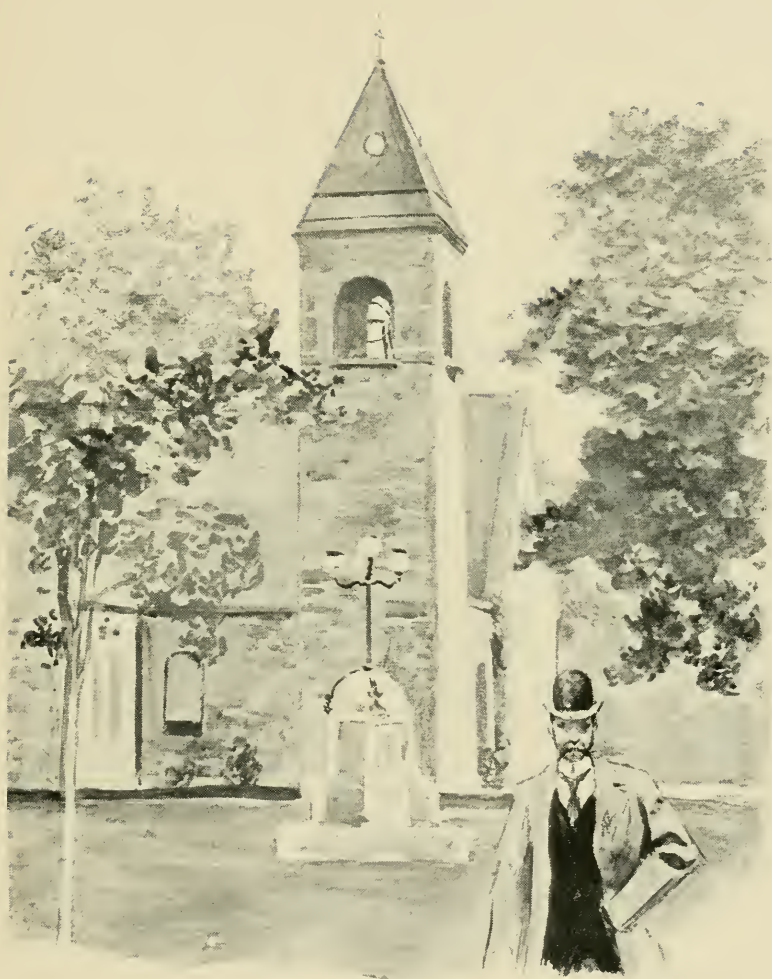


Much as has been done for Lenox in *Lenox* the way of added attractions, there is one thing that it has done for itself, or rather that nature has done for it, that has given it a particular name and fame. A long time ago people used to send to their friends abroad particularly brilliant specimens of our gorgeous autumn foliage, and were rewarded by the expressions of astonishment and admiration with which such gifts from the New World were received. The friends probably thought such splendor a very natural part of our savage crudeness, but they were pleased nevertheless with such attractive curiosities, and our American autumn leaves acquired a wide reputation and came to be considered one of the peculiar native products of the country. Of all places in which to seek examples of them it has long been conceded that Lenox is the best.

Indeed it is highly probable that, in some measure, the time of the Lenox season has been determined by this fact. People early fell into the habit of making

*Lenox* pilgrimages to see the "autumn coloring," and though they go now to the Berkshires for many other reasons, they always watch the foliage and talk about it. And so important is it, that one of the recognized subjects of conversation is the degree of brilliancy that the leaves may have attained in any particular year, and one says that the coloring is "poor this year" or "good this year," as one might speak of a crop or a vintage. And it is worth seeing and talking about. There is nothing quite like it, and, for the time being, our stern Northern woods seem to take on a certain tropical splendor and equatorial profusion. Often the change from summer's quieter array to the autumn's splendid garniture comes gradually and, day by day, one sees the dark woods soften into something gayer. The places where shadows, in the strong morning sunshine, lay coldly blue, become a redder purple, and the greens a vivid yellow. But it is when the change comes suddenly that the great harlequin shift is made with the most

*The  
Episcopal  
Church*





astonishing effect. Then, almost in a *Lenox* night, the hills assume a new aspect, and you arise in the morning in a new world. After a sharp frost, the trees glow with scarlet and crimson, and the leaves spinning at the end of a branch gleam, where the light shows through them, with a ruby brightness. The whole country-side, is afire, and the forest ablaze in every direction. Then, it is possible to walk through rattling drifts of piled-up crispness, and there is a mild exhilaration, not quite like anything else, in driving before your feet the shifting heaps of fallen leaves.

But it is the color that is all important—a revel of hue and dye—a carousal of tint and tone; and with the maple and sumach to lead, the results are gorgeous and bewildering. There is nothing hesitating or doubtful in the effect. There is a vivid frankness about it that makes all a continual surprise. Accustomed as our eyes are to the quieter and sadder tones of the landscape painters of other lands, if it were not for its royal magnificence, we

*Lenox* might think it tawdry and even vulgar. But there is a certain imperial power in the display that justifies itself—that impresses and controls us, and makes the pageant the triumph of the year. It is with such a setting that the life of Lenox is mounted; and with such a transformation scene in the Berkshire Hills that the shifting high-comedy drama of American summer society existence comes to its brilliant end.





















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